

One of the most important pieces of equipment on every early day farm was the grindstone. Generally a man and a boy (sometimes a girl) were needed for the job of sharpening. The man held the blade against the stone and the boy turned the hand crank. The grindstone was used constantly to sharpen the scythes, sickles, axes, blades of planes, knives, hoes, shovels and many other pieces of farm implements. Many long hours were spent in sharpening sickles for the hay mower and oh! how relieved was the youngster when the task was finally completed.

## THE OLD GRINDSTONE

By Bert Gamble in Utah Farmer

Where the wild rambler trailed over the woodshed  
Tenderly hiding the rake and the spade;  
Stood the old grindstone I turned in my childhood  
Deep in the cool of the boxelder shade.

Dull were the axes and dull was the mower,  
Heavy the hand of my big husky dad;  
Moments seemed ages when I was the power  
For the old grindstone I turned when a lad.

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Long years have passed since I left the homestead,  
Dad is at rest now at Calvary Hill  
Gone in the main, are the memories of childhood  
Only the grindstone lives with me still.

Bring me my horse and bring me my saddle,  
Let me ride back o'er that landscape of yore;  
There in the cool of the boxelder's shadows  
Tenderly turn the old grindstone once more.